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ADVERTISER

FARM AND HOME

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #304

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

( TIME 11:30-12:30 PM )

WMAQ (- BLUE

DATE AUGUST 12, 1938

( DAY FRIDAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

MUSIC: Quartet, Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: Last year on the National Forests, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers played host to more than thirty million visitors who came only for recreation and vacations. It's a stupendous task, indeed, to care for so many guests. But the Forest Rangers take heart in knowing that most of their guests are anxious to be on their good behavior and as helpful as possible in order that they may return to the National Forest for more vacations. The Rangers answer many questions about the National Forests, but one of the common questions vacationists ask is this: "What should we do in case we discover a forest fire in a National Forest?" The answer is this: If the fire is small, put it out. But remember to report the exact location to the Forest Service, so that it can be checked from time to time to see that the fire does not break out again. If it is too large to put it out, get to a telephone as fast as you can and call the nearest Forest Service office. If you are not familiar with the locality, and do not know how to contact the Forest Service, give the information to the telephone operator, and she will promptly relay it to the proper authorities. The instructions are simple, but important, both to the Forest Service and to you. For the destruction of forest fires not only wipes out valuable property, but it completely obliterates the forest beauty that has brought memorable vacations to millions of Americans.

(MORE)



ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUED)

And now it's time once again for our weekly trip to the  
Pine Cone National Forest. Today, we find Ranger  
Jim Robbins and Assistant Ranger Jerry Quick in the office  
of the Ranger Station. Breakfast has just been finished  
and Jim and Jerry are about to set out for the day's work.  
Jim is talking over the telephone to Al Perkins,  
foreman at the Winding Creek Logging camp, operating a  
timber sale on the Pine Cone National Forest,.....





JIM: We'll be leaving for the camp in a few minutes, Al; just as soon as Billy Thompson gets over here. Yeah, we're going to bring him up with us. His mother asked us if we would.....Uhuh.... Say, Al, will you be able to go with us to the place where that fire started?.....Good. Yeah, I think we'll be able to tell what started it.... All right. See you pretty soon. Huh?.....Vinegar? Yep, got it right here. All right, Al. So long.

(RECEIVER UP)

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Al worried about his fresh supply of vinegar?

JIM: I guess he was afraid we'd forget to bring it.

JERRY: What did he have to say about the origin of that fire?

JIM: Nothing new. He still thinks it was incendiary. But he doesn't have any proof.

JERRY: What about this fella that he fired? What's his name? Reese?

JIM: Yeah, George Reese.

JERRY: Al said he was pretty sure the guy would try to get even because he got canned off the job.

JIM: Well, with three fires in two days there ought to be some kind of an explanation for 'em.

JERRY: They couldn't have been lightning fires, or started by tourists, and there weren't any lumber operations or railroads near.



JIM: Well, whatever it is that caused them, we've got to find out about it.

JERRY: Gee, if a fire got loose now, with the timber as dry as it is, we'd have a deuce of a time corralling it.

JIM: If these three fires were started by an incendiary, we ought to be able to find some trace of it today.....

BESS: (FADING IN) Come right in here, Billy.

BILLY: (AGE EIGHT) (FADING IN) Yes, ma'am.

BESS: Here's your passenger, Jim.

JIM: Hello there, son. How are you today?

BILLY: I'm okay, Mr. Robbins. How are you?

JIM: First rate.

BILLY: Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: Hi, Billy. I hear you're gonna be a logger today.

BILLY: Yes, sir. I'm gonna stay at the logging camp with my dad a whole day. And I'm gonna sleep in the bunk house tonight.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Ah, that'll make a man of you, son.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) If it doesn't cripple him for life.

BILLY: And my Mom said maybe if I'm good and don't get into any trouble, you'd let me go with you today where you're gonna work.

JIM: Well, we'll have to see what we can do about it.

BILLY: What are you goin' to the logging camp for, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: We're going to see if we can find any trace of an incendiary. Do you know what that is?



BILLY: Sure, a cemetery is where they put dead people.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) No, Billy, this is not a cemetery we're looking for. We're going to look for an incendiary... That's somebody that sets fire to the woods.

BILLY: (HE CAN'T BELIEVE IT) You mean somebody that burns up the trees?

JIM: That's right, son.

BILLY: But what do they want to burn the trees for?

JERRY: That's what we want to know, Billy.

BILLY: But nobody could do that. We hafta have the trees.

JIM: You bet we do. That's why Jerry and I are going to try to find out who did it.

BILLY: Could I help you find him?

JIM: I don't know yet, son, we'll have to see what Al Perkins wants to do, when we get to the camp.

BESS: What would you do if you found a man setting fire to the woods, Billy?

BILLY: (QUICKLY) I'd give 'im a sock in the eye.

THEY LAUGH

JERRY: You've got the right idea, Billy.

JIM: Well, I reckon we'd better be on our way. Have we got everything we need, Jerry?

JERRY: All set, Jim.

BILLY: Can't I carry something?

JIM: You just bring yourself along, young fella.



BILLY: Let me carry the jug.

JERRY: That's Al Perkins' vinegar.

BESS: Careful you don't drop it, Billy.

BILLY: I won't, Mrs. Robbins.

JIM: Isn't that too heavy for you, son?

BILLY: Shucks, no. Lookit. I can hold it up over my head.

BESS: Careful, Billy.

BILLY: I am.

CRASH OF JUG DROPPED ON FLOOR

BILLY: (PAUSE) It slipped.

JIM: I see it did.

BESS: Will you pick up the pieces, Jim. (FADING) I'll get something to wipe up the vinegar.

JIM: All right, Bess.

BILLY: (ISERABLY) Gee, I'm awful sorry, Mr. Robbins. I was tryin' to help.

JIM: That's all right, son. Those things happen.

BILLY: Will Mr. Perkins be mad at me for dropping his vinegar?

JERRY: He might not want you to go with us now.

BILLY: Aw, gee....

BESS: (FADING IN) I'll wipe up the vinegar with this cloth, Jim.

JERRY: Here let me do it, Mrs. Robbins.

PHONE RINGS





JIM: I'll get it. (RECEIVER OFF) Pine Cone Ranger Station...  
Yes, Al..... That right? When was it?..... What time last  
night?..... All right, Al. It won't be long. We're  
leaving right this minute. 'Bye. (RECEIVER UP)

JERRY: What's the matter, Jim?

JIM: Al says he just had a call from the fella that owns the  
store at Blakes' Crossroads. Reese bought some kerosene  
and shot gun shells from him last night.

JERRY: Reese, the fella Al suspects of setting the fires?

JIM: That's it.

JERRY: Gosh, Jim, we've got to get the goods on him before he  
gives us any more trouble.

JIM: Let's go. (FADING) The quicker we get to the logging  
camp....

MUSIC UP AND OUT

FADE IN CAR TO B.G. , NOW SLOWING TO STOP

JERRY: There's Al waiting for us.

BILLY: I hope he won't be mad at us for spilling the vinegar.

JIM: We'll break the news to him as easy as we can.

CAR STOPS

AL: (FADING IN) Hi, Jim. Glad you got here so quick

JIM: Well, we had an accident about the time you called, Al

AL: Anybody get hurt?

JIM: No, nothing serious.



AL: I'm glad you come out okay. It didn't seem to break your truck up none.

JIM: It wasn't that kind of an accident.

AL: It wasn't?

JIM: Maybe I oughta let Billy tell you about it.

AL: Hello there, youngster. I didn't see you.

BILLY: Hello, Mr. Perkins.

AL: What's all this about?

BILLY: I -- I -- spilled the vinegar.

AL: You what? (GETS IT-- LAUGHS) Oh, you mean my vinegar?

BILLY: Yes sir. It slipped.

AL: (LAUGHING) You'll hafta fight that out with Sam, the cook, Billy. He's the one that wanted the vinegar.

BILLY: You mean you ain't mad at me?

AL: Well, not so mad that I couldn't get over it.

BILLY: Then can I go along and help hunt for the cemetery?

AL: Hunt the which?

BILLY: The cemetery. The man that starts the woods on fire.

THEY LAUGH

AL: If we find him, youngster, we'll put him in a cemetery.

BILLY: Mr. Robbins said I could go along, if you said so.

AL: If I said so?

JIM: I didn't know whether his Dad would want to let him leave the camp, Al.



AL: I don't think you'd better go, Billy. We might not get back 'till late tonight.

BILLY: But if I'm with Mr. Robbins, it'll be all right.

AL: We'll take you along some other time.

JIM: Say, Jerry, we didn't bring a brushhook with us, did we?

JERRY: No, we didn't, Jim. There's an axe in the back of the truck under the tarp.

AL: You know we've got plenty of hooks in our fire tool cache, Jim.

JIM: Yeah, Al, we might need one... ..

JERRY: (EXCITEDLY) Look, Jim. That looks like smoke coming over the ridge left of us ---

JIM: Where, Jerry?

AL: Smoke? Where?

JIM: By George, it is. Al, where's your telephone?

AL: (FADING) This way, Jim.

JIM: (FADING) I'll call the lookout on White Mountain----

DOOR OPENS

AL: (FADING IN) Here you are, Jim. Go to it.

JIM: (FADING IN) He's likely reported it by now.

(RECEIVER OFF - HOOK IS RATTLED) Hello, operator -- hello -- Get me the FOREST SERVICE lookout on White Mountain --

AL: That smoke looked like it was right in the middle of that swell stand of lodgepole that hasn't been cut into yet.



JERRY: (FADING IN) Looks like your incendiary got the jump on us, Al.

AL: It sure does. And that'd be just the place he'd set a fire, too. From the smoke it looks like it's in that stand of lodgepole where we're supposed to start logging in a couple of months.

JIM: Hello, Anderson. This is Jim Robbins. What about that fire on the west side of Dragon Ridge? -- You have? How's it look? -- how much wind? -- Know anything about how it got started? --- Yeah, that's what we're afraid of. But you tell Ernie to keep his eyes open for any evidences. And tell him I'm on my way over from the Winding Creek camp. -- All right, boy.

(RECEIVER UP)

JERRY: Is somebody on it, Jim?

JIM: Yeah, it was reported about fifteen minutes ago. Ernie's almost there with a crew now. It's burnin' fast and there's a wind behind it.

JERRY: There's no way a fire could start in that timber unless somebody put a match to it.

JIM: Al, if that fire gets bad, have you got a crew you can put on it?

AL: You bet, Jim. As many men as you want.

JIM: We'll go on over and see what the situation is. You can have 'em stand by, and we'll call 'em, if we need 'em.





BILLY: Can I go too, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: I'm afraid not, son.

AL: You'd better stay here, youngster.

BILLY: But I could help find the cemetery

JIM: We'll take you some other time, Billy. It's too dangerous  
on the fire.

BILLY: Aw gee, Mr. Robbins --

AL: Jim, if you and Jerry will get those things out of the tool  
shed, I'll send word to the boys.

JIM: All right, Al. (FADING) Come on, Jerry. We've got to step  
on it.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

FADE IN MOTOR RUNNING IN B.G.

JERRY: (FADING IN) It doesn't look like much of a fire from here.

JIM: The boys seem to have it pretty well under control

AL: They must have got here not long after you called the  
lookout, Jim.

JIM: He said they were almost here.

JERRY: It didn't burn up much of your lodgepole timber, Al.

AL: Not yet, anyhow.

JERRY: Here comes Ernie. He must have seen us.

AL: I reckon he won't need my boys to give him a hand on the line.

CAR SLOWS TO STOP

JIM: I don't think he will, Al.



JERRY: They'll be okay, if they don't get a wind shift.

FADE IN MEN'S VOICES IN B.G., SHOUTING, ISSUING ORDERS

ERNIE: (FADING IN) Hi, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Hello, Ernie. How's it going?

ERNIE: I think we've got 'er licked, unless the wind starts playin' tricks on us.

JIM: Got any idea what started it?

ERNIE: Not yet, sir.

JIM: There may be a pretty good chance it was started by an incendiary. Might be a fella that Al fired not long ago.

ERNIE: 'at right?

JIM: If you'll show us where the fire started, we'll see if we can dig up any evidence.

JERRY: (FADE A BIT) I'll get the tools out of the back end of the truck, Jim.

JIM: Good.

AL: If we can get hold of any evidence that these fires have been started by this fella Reese, it won't take long to put a stop to 'em.

JERRY: (OFF MIKE) What the dence?! -- Where'd you come from?

BILLY: (OFF) I thought maybe I could help --

JERRY: (FADING IN) Hey, look what I found. -- A stowaway.

JIM: Billy, how in the name of goodness did you get up here?

BILLY: (A LITTLE SCARED) I just climbed into the -- into the truck and hid under the tarp.



JERRY: When did you get in there?

BILLY: When you went to get the brush-hook.

AL: But didn't we tell you you couldn't come with us, youngster?

BILLY: Yes, sir. That's why I hid under the tarp.

JIM: You'll have to stay in the truck, son. You can't come up on the fire line, it's too dangerous. Do you understand?

BILLY: Ain't there nothin' I can do to help?

JIM: No, indeed, there isn't. You'll have to sit right in the truck until we get back. Now don't forget that---

BILLY: But couldn't I help just a little bit? Just a little, tiny, bit?

JIM: Not this time, son.

BILLY: When can I help?

JIM: You'd better get back in the truck. I'll tell you when there's something you can help with.

AL: You'd better climb in there and stay put, youngster.

BILLY: (FADING SORROWFULLY) Yes, sir. But I bet I could really help a lot if I had a chance.

JIM: Bring those tools along, Jerry. (FADING) We'll see what we can find out about this fire.

CROWD FADES - PAUSE THREE SECONDS

AL: (FADING IN) Doggone it, Jim, even if we haven't found any evidence, I'm sure as anything that these fires were started by Reese. He's too smart for us, that's all.

JIM: We can't prove anything 'till we find some evidence.



JERRY: All we need is one certain clue that he started 'em.

JIM: But it has to be "certain."

AL: By gum we ought to be able to find something around here that would be a clue.

JERRY: I don't see why --- Hey, what's that on the ground there?

AL: Piece of -- wait a minute -- say, look at this.

JERRY: A shotgun shell.

AL: Right under our feet

JIM: Let me see.

AL: Jim, that guy at the cross roads said he sold Reece some shotgun shells.

JERRY: Look, you can see where the shell was cut with a knife to get the powder out.

JIM: Looks like it.

AL: Listen, Jim, we can take it to the storekeeper and get him to identify it.

JIM: It won't do us much good to do that, Al. I reckon he's sold the same brand of shells to a dozen people this month.

JERRY: Don't you think that's evidence enough, Jim?

JIM: Nope, I don't, Jerry. It's not very conclusive.

JERRY: It looks like we're stuck then.

JIM: I'm afraid it does -- Well, we'd better go on back to the truck. We can't do anything more here tonight. You say you checked with Ernie on the fire, Jerry?





JERRY: Yeah, Jim, he said she's corralled, and he's got everything organized for the night crew.

JIM: We'll go on back then.

AL: I sure hate to give up without gettin' any dope on this time.

JIM: So do I, Al.

AL: If we don't put a stop to these fires, the Winding Creek Lumber Company's gonna hafta declare bankruptcy.

JERRY: Whoever it is that starts 'em must know we'd be lookin' for evidence, or they wouldn't take so much trouble to get rid of it.

JIM: I sure hate to see your company lose this good timber, Al. But the thing that worries me most of all is what might happen if one of these fires gets loose.

JERRY: We've been lucky so far.

AL: I'll say we have.

JERRY: I'll put the tools in back, Jim.

JIM: Say, where's Billy? Is he back there, Jerry?

JERRY: No he isn't, Jim.

AL: That youngster's never where he oughta be at the right time.

JIM: We told him to stay in the truck.

JERRY: Holler for him.

AL: (CALLING) Billy! -- Hey, Billy!

BILLY: (DISTANCE) Here I am.

AL: Come back here to the truck.

BILLY: (DISTANCE) I'm coming.



JERRY: (SOTTO VOICE LAUGHING) He probably went to "help" us.

AL: (CHUCKLING S.V.) His dad would tan the hide off of him, if he knew how ornery he's been today.

JIM: (S.V.) He's a smart little scamp, but he can't seem to stay out.

JERRY: (S.V.) Look at him. He knows he's in for a balling out.

JIM: Well, young fella, did you forget what I told you?

BILLY: (FADING IN) No sir, I didn't forget, Mr. Robbins. (CHANGING SUBJECT) But lookit what I found

JIM: But, Billy, what do you think happens to boys who don't keep their word?

BILLY: I didn't break my word, Mr. Robbins. You told me not to forget what you told me, and I didn't. But when it started gettin' dark I thought I oughta come and tell you about it.

JIM: But you promised me that --

BILLY: Lookit the knife I found, Mr. Robbins. Ain't it swell? Only it don't have no blades.

AL: Where'd you get that knife, Billy?

BILLY: Up that way, by the big stump.

AL: Let me see it -- by golly, Jim, that knife belongs to Reese.

JERRY: It what?

BILLY: No sir, it belongs to me. Finders keepers.

AL: See this button here? It releases the blade that's in the handle. Like this.

SHARP METALLIC CLICK



BILLY: Aw gee, lemme try it. Lemme try it, Mr. Perkins.

JIM: You're sure that knife belonged to Reese?

AL: There's no doubt about it, Jim. I've seen him use it a hundred times.

JERRY: Then that must be the knife he used to cut the powder out of the shot-gun shells.

JIM: That's the evidence we need.

BILLY: Lemme try it. It's my knife, Mr. Perkins.

AL: Here you are, youngster. But hang onto it tight.

JIM: Come on. We've got to get hold of the Sheriff.

BILLY: Can I go Mr. Robbins?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) All right, son. This time you can go as a paid passenger. But don't lose that knife.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you every Friday on the Farm and Home Hour through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

mf 9:25 AM

8-11-38

